The Jarr Family's Daily Jars sour vest! Emma, get me the button basket and a needleful of coarse black thread." "You can't keep that man looking presentable!" said Mrs. Jarr, apologet-

The farrs' Aunt Susie Comes to Vista HAT do you think?" said Mrs Jarr in a merry, mysterious manner, when Mr. Jarr came home the other evening.
"I think a great deal of you!" replied Mr. Jarr, with

"For goodness sake, don't make a show of me here at the door by kissing me white I have this apron on!" said kirs. Jarr hurriedly. "Nearsighted neighbors might think

you are klasing the cook." "So I would be. You're the cook, now the girl has gone, gin't you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "but it's a pity "That's true enough," said Mrs. Jarr. "but it's a pity

you are over-affectionate sometimes and just as mean as you can be at others!"

This is a ourlous mental state most married ladies arrive at ere many years of wedded bliss have flown away.

They are deeply interested in other people's love affairs.

A romance in the neighborhood, and they are keenly interested. Another ectionate couple is the theme of their constant praise. Dut so far as their own husbands are concerned they have a fetish that he must never he shown that he is thought too much of, and that his fervid ad-

Vances must be received calmly, if not coolly, as, according to their theory.

"Just let a man think you're in love with him, and he imposes on you!" So Mr. Tarr was given a cold, connubial kiss and Mrs. Jarr continued: "And who do you think is here?"

"I think you're here," said Mr. Jarr; "but what's the answer?"

"Why. Aunt Suste is visiting us!" exciaimed Mrs. Jarr. "The children are just ild. She's brought them a lot of presents. Cheap things, and she ought to be ushamed of herself with all her money-but, of course, the poor children don't

"Now, don't you worry," said Mrs. Jarr. "Aunt Busie took for things off and on an old wrapper of mine and she's out in the kitchen cooking the supper, and sile's going to set old-familiand buckwheat cakes to-night, so we'll have them

"Well, you always say you don't want company when you have no girl," asid Jarr. "Anyway, I'm gind you've got some one to keep you company, as I want to go to a lodge meeting to-night." Mrs. Jarr only caught the import of these last words as she hurried to the

Support to bring out the visiting relative, a rat and joily old maid.
"And must do you think, Aunt Susie," said Mrs. Jarr, after greetings were exchanged. "your first night in the house and he won't even stay home to entertain you! He wants to go, to a lodge meeting!"
"Well, let him go, Emma. I think you make a great mistake not letting Ed

it oftener. Let 'em go all they want. That's what makes a man appreciate

"Oh, you think to, do you?" said Mrs. Jarr doubtingly.

"Certainly," seld the maiden aunt; "keeping a husband a constant captive breaks up more happy homes than tolling them to go out and enjoy themselvesand I declare, Edward Jirr, there's two buttons off your overcoat and one of



AYER you think that's the truth!" screeched the conscience-stricken impreling-house beeper, smashing a china orange on the stage of the Criterion date wight.

Maybe you thought it was a lemon. Maybe you put on your Ibsen glasses and recognized it as a symbol. So matter. Like "The Truth," it went to pleces, and the only tenrs that were shell were those of Mrs. Clara Bloodgood, who lied beautifully for three acts and then told the truth for the first time in Mr. Clyde

lies were told her Docky Warder was merely a work sister to "The Girl With the Green Eyes." Is the ofterfied formula for a Frich play loring its power, or is it misplaced sympathy; a bit of "photographic" recliem, and a fittle observation; a flash of vulgar humor new and then and other flashes in the pan of "brilliancy." "swell society" to overawe the unclect, and Harlam moved to Balti-

one side of Long Acre Square and Miss Blanche Walsh taking The Straight Road' scross the way, found himself between two curtain speeches. Mrs. Bloodgood, who brought out Mr. Fifth on her side of the street, looked as knough she were almost dying to have him lead her to The Straight Road.

Again Mrs. Bloodgood was the happily married young wife who bored you to extinction with effusions about her adomale husband, but who, nevertheless fidn't hesitate to compromise herself by clandestine meetings at Huber's Muthe Eden Musee and the St. Nicholas Skating Rink (oh, Fitch! and likewise fudge") with the semi-detached husband of one of her dearest friends. Like so many of Mr. Fisch's "smart" women, Becky didn't suspect what the simplest Reddy Bears without running the danger of Leing hugged.

Becky, to be sure, wasn't exactly perfect. In plain English, she was a har.

indicapped with a congenital manuity to tell the truth even well. Mhe really belonged at Huber's. She suggested speccio-hall possibilities as "The Woman Who Couldn't To'l the Truth-born that

Perhaps husbands and wives do go to Huber's, the Eden Musee and other care ree resorts to see wives and husbands. At any rate, Mr. Fitch ought to know has he is writing about. And, come to think of it, a dime to seurn has two advantages over a jobster palace-it is more interesting and it is cheaper,

The idea seemed quite novel and charming until it developed that Eve, the sealous wife, had a troupe of trained delectives who also played the ouris circuit. Booky was greatly surprised and a train shocked when Eve brought the news

and a blue envolupe that bulged with evidence. But there was arribing to make a fusa over, and Booky soon explained to her than with Exe. Edg. didn't confers, however, that she had been meeting him every day and that she rather enjoyed the attentions he paid her. She promised band that she would not see Lindon again then straightway sent for him Olis unexpected kiss opened her eyes to the fact that he had not been wasting

of the house was a relief after all the lytay and laughing she had been doing, but even for this moment "The Truth" did not prevail. The story was trivial and commonplace and the characters record a worthless and uninteresting lot as a whole. This was not allogather the fault of Mr. Fitch. Warder was played in en-twenty-inlist fashion by Mr. William J. Kelly, a former favorite of Harler and Yorkville, whose well-meaning friends gave him a "hand" that caused Mrs. Biloodgood to step back and smile. Another actor who faked was Mr. William B Brack, hopelessly miscast as Bocky's father. He was at home in Mrs. Fishe's gompany, where his Tesman in "Hedda Gabler" and his Schram in "Leah

Mileschaa" stamped him se an actor of more than ordinary intelligence and shillity; but nature never intended him for a broken-down sport. It was to this old reprobate of a father in Baltimore that Backy went when Warder discovered that she had been lying to him about Lindon and told her that they must separate. Two days later the father brings Warder to his wife rounge and the old man's little scheme by telling Warder that his swife is un-remantically healthy and that the whole effair is a put-up job. She does this because she wants to keep the Warders separated in the hope that, when her bearder's allowance is cut off, he will marry her for a living. Miss Zelda Sears, Mr. Fitch before in roles of this kind, made the vaudeville portion of the ententainment more or less amusing. Mrs. Sam Sothern was very good and very English as the Jealous Eve, and Mr. Georga Spink, as Lindon, acted one cad like a gentleman.

It was all over when Hicky came in leaning on her father's arm, and at sight

pe her husband rafused to play for sympathy. She confersed that she wasn't dying, and Warder was so overloyed at hearing her tell the truth for once that he took her in his arms with the pleasing commonplace. "We don't love peeple because they're perfect, but because they are themselves."

Just a little something to take home with you. CHARLES DARNTON.

M. C. G.—In using the following the following the graph manages the scale twice a day than oughly: Phenic and the scale twice a day than oughly: Phenic and the scale twill be necessarily and HEALTH AND BEAUTY. By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

Control of the second of the s

Dry Scalp.

oughly: Phenic acid, two grams; vomics, seven and half grams; tinc-ture of red cin-

R—It will be necessary for you'te describe the condition of your scalp more fully before I can advise you on the subject. I shall be gird to write you a personal letter if you send me your name and eddress.

a half grams; tincture of red cinchons, thirty
grams; timeture of
as a tharides, two
s. one hundred and eighty
almond oil, sixty grams,
rects of the hair with a

ically. "Those buttons were on him when he left this morning."
"Nonsense!" said the visitor cheerfully; "and I'll bet that his sooks are full the holes, and a resultate Miller has the allegation was a talk bloom a Well give the

clothes of this house an overhauling while Edward is out this evening! Mrs. Jarr, thwarted under her own rooftree, made a feeble rally, but was forced to surrender under the bustling and cheerful tyranny of the visiting aunt. 'Others' husbands' buttons, others' children's clothes-that is the old maid's curse," said Aunt Susie as she and Mrs. Jarr settled themselves with the mending basket, and Mr. Jarr had departed a free man for the evening.

'Do you know why you never married, Aunt Susie?

"Nobody axed me, sir, she said," replied the cheerful old maid,
"And why? Because you were always coddling men folks, that's why!" said. Mrs. Jarr. "The "The only way to treat them is to be mean to them; then they "I suppose you're right, Emma," sighed the old maid, "but I was mean to

one when I was a girl, and "with a sigh-"I lost him!"
"Oh, but you mustn't be mean to them till you get them!" said Mrs. Jarr.

The Simple Joys of the Brooklyn Man.

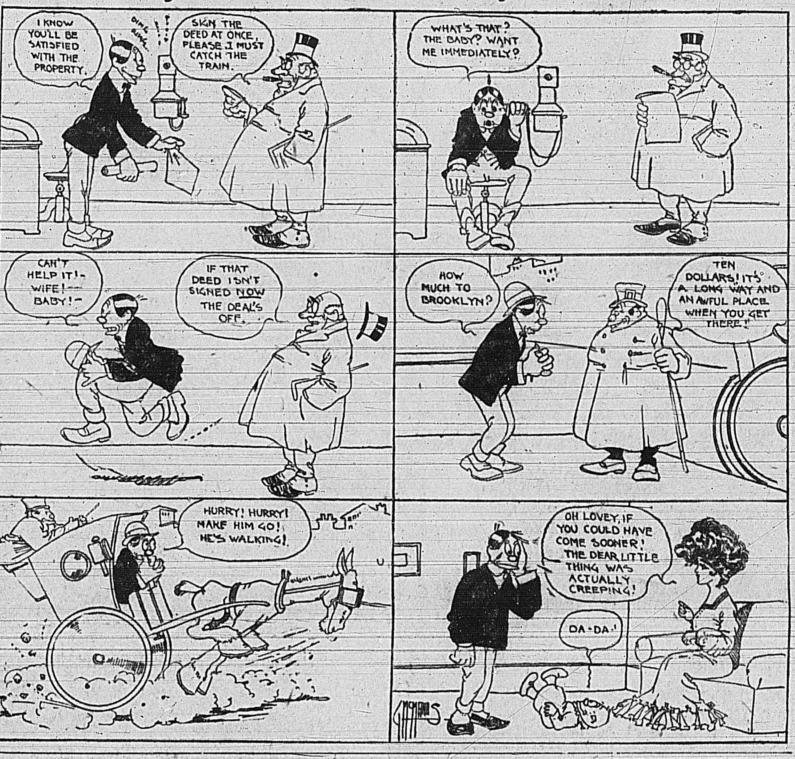


recognize the various segments of the large yellow grape fruit called New York. Broadway excels in Brooklyn ki undertaking establishments, Broadway lives out of a glass, Harlem out of a can. Brooklyn lives in the Take it on a Sabbath morning, for instance, Broadway

is filled with the voice of the automobile horn and the song of the comic supplement, and you can buy saything you want excers something on credit. Whereas in fair Brooklyn one hears but the ecclesiastical clamor of the church bells. One may buy only the two staple commodities of the borough-the official B. R. T. ticket, good for a through passage to Manhattan, and the official Brooklyn souventr.

postal card, affording a view of Greenwood Cemetery. Some authorities have contended that the typical Brooklyn man is the one who eats the most breakfast foods, wears the newest brands of health underwear

The Newlyweds-Their Baby 2 By George McManus funerals attired in the correct regalia, consisting of apron, white gloves, sword, gum overables, craps on the arm and a plate tie. In smaller towns, where the



THE VANISHING BRIDE or, the Chief Legatee Loves the Stenographer. By Anna Kathorina Charles Dear Betty: AM & Journa Wants one By Anna Katherine Green. Dear Betty:

CHAPTER XXIV. The Devil's Caldron.

Wiff solemnity of Hazen's whole strongly. As soon as the oppor tunity offered he cornered the taken refuge, and giving him to understand that further explanation must page between them before either slopt he draw him apart and put the straigh

"Who is Josiah Auchineless?" The answer was abrupt, almost sensoing in its emphasis and tone. "A trunkmaker in St. Louis. A mar

"How indebted to a trunkmaker?" That I cannot, do not desire, to state. It is enough that she felt she wed him the bulk of her fortune. Though this eliminates me from bene-

The lawyer waved this aside.

status of the legatee, nor did I know "You do not know me now."
"I know that you are very pale: tha as cost you more than you perhaps an willing to state. That there is mys. I o whose hopes it could but ring a most to tree, and one only, disturbed the tery in your past, mystery in your pres- knell.

One free, and one only, disturbed the sat, and possibly snystery threatening. "Where is the hele! How far from say line. Stark and twisted into an

which you be now is, she would have consided it to you bergelf. I must develope that if the R. Ransom's body was to be consided it to you bergelf. I must develope the continued by the state of the sta Though this eliminates me from benefits of a wealth I had some rights to share, I make no complaint. She know her business best, and I am disposed to accent her judgment in the matter without criticism."

"You are?" The tone was sharp, the sareasm biting. "I can understand that. For Auchineloss, in this will, read Hazen; but how about her husband? How about her friends and the general community? Do you not think they will ask why a beautiful and so-cially well-placed young woman like your sister should leave so large a portion of her wealth to an obscure man in another town, of whom her friends and even her business agent have never heard? It would have been better if she had left you her thousands directly."

The look he received he will never flored to get the words which accent he words which accent her words whi

what information he could about the so-called Devil's Caldron.

At seems that this was a very deep note in which, on account of the rocky ormation surrounding it the water wept in an eddy which had the force of a whiripool. No one had ever sounded its deaths and nothing had ever een seen again which had once been ucked into its deathly bollow. That leorgian's body had found its everiesting grave there many had believed rom the first, and if the conviction had not yet been miblicly expressed it was at of consideration for Mr. Ransem, or whose hopes it could but ring a final knell.

sent, and, possibly, mystery threatening your future, and all in connection with your future, and all in connection with the witerfail of queries are not asset that a foreible geature but witerfail of queries are not asset that a foreible geature but witerfail about the provided it not then be better for all a witerfail about the private of this money. The street of denial or deprecation of the street whether of denial or deprecations of the street and the band of the street whether of denial or deprecations of the street whether of the street with the street

mple Joys of the Brooklyn Man. New York Thro' Funny Glasses

and loins the most operates. Others have built that you have been been all grounds and Brooklyn man is the one who belongs to the most lodges.

Think not, gentle reader, as you behold him fighting his homeward way along Park Row of a winter evening that his chief pleasure in life is to destroy the weaker who cross his path at the Bridge; his chief excitement to be destroyed by the stronger whose path he crosses. Behind that corrugated brow, behind those eyes, blazing with a friendly expression of deepest hate; behind that timelock face, set like the combination on a safe, burn lofty ambitions and kingly aspirations. For even as he tramples, with careless heel, the stock-in-trade of the dealer in the large varnished he-pretzels and stabs with the ferrule of his umbrella the esteemed small of the back of a lady cashier residing on Schermerhorn street, his thoughts are far away. He is thinking of the crowning moment of his life, when he will become the Grand Exhausted Poteotate of the Sublimated order of Laryngitis, Camp No. 11, Division No. 23,

The benefits of belonging to a Brooklyn lodge can hardly be overestimated, There are the proud privileges of sitting up with the slok and wearing a small odge follows the hearse afoot, the smallest member is invariably deputed to always about two miles to the cemetery, over a rough road, and when the pr cession gets there it's usually an open question which one stands most in need of prompt burial-the deceased brother or the brother who toted the book.

In Brooklyn the lodge doesn't walk, because there are so many trolley care, probably; but there are other pleasures just as deep, and abiding, such as serving on the committee appointed to draw up resolutions of respect for departed brethren. Tombstones do some lying, but their opportunities, although monumental, are limited alongside lodge resolutions. The committee always make it read that, whereas the late member was a credit to society and an ornament to the learned profession which he adorned-bill collecting-be it resolved, that his memory shall never fade from our sorrowing hearts—and then they call up the coal office where he worked to find out what his last name was:

THE FUNNY PARTS Yet many in Manhattan think Brooklyn is a duli place.

BETTY VINCENT'S O ADVICE LOVERS

The Independent Girl. THERE is one danger the girl in love cannot esc

that is listening to the advice given her by the too independent girl; She is the girl who when her southmentally smitten companion babbles of the little incidents, the spats and reconciliations between her and Marry, mays loftly, "Oh, I wouldn't have done that it I were you. You give in to him too much. That isn't the

If you don't pay attention to these remarks, you are all right. If you are in danger of paying attention to them remember this: The moment the girl who spouts so continually of her independence falls in love she will become a meek, mild, mud-eating, patient Griselds compared with whom you will seem a reging

Don't let her fool you. Govern your own love affairs as you see fit. Men are won by agreeable women, though they may be terrorised by female furies. It is a safe rule not to take any advice from any woman but your mother about the man you love.

Her Mother Objects.

AM keeping steady company with a young man whom I love very much. My mother does not want me to go with him. He came to my house come and see me again. Now we meet outside. She wants me to bring him to the house now. Do you think it



would be right to ask bim. We are engaged, but my mother doesn't know it. She said that if I ever married him she would not recognize me as her daughter. Would you tell her of our

engagement? E. F. try to win your mother's approval of him before you tell her.

tate office. I am in love with our sten-



ographer and she says she loves me, finds fault with me for every little thing I do. Is it because she is jealous of me

poperator in Brooklyn the other day and she happened to hear my conversation. She claims I was trying to make a date with this girl because I told her in the morning I was not sure that I could take her to the theatre that night as I didn't feel well. I would not like to marry and live unhappily. R. S.

The girl is jealous. She naturally would be if she loves you and hears you make appointments with other girls. If you love her give the other girl up.

Marriage on \$14 Per.

going with a young man twentyseven, whom I love very much, We of a different religion than I, and earns \$14 a Week. He is a very saving man and does not drink, but smokes occa-



on a tele- ence in religion makes it wrong to

you are both saying \$14 per is enough Time to Remobe the Hat.

When should a lady (at the theatre) remove her hat? Some say as soon as

Dear Betty:



retains the simpliolly essential to corroot style In the Minstration it is made of brown broadcloth, the vest and trimmings of velvet and handsome buttons, and makes part of a rostume. But in addition to serving for the dressy suit of broadcloth, it is adapted to velvuteen and to corduroy. both of which materials are much in vogue, and also to the simpler chevlots, mixtures and the like, while its trimmings can be varied again and again. Broadcloth on velveteen or corduroy is much liked and exceedingly offeotive; plain color with mixed is in

ood style, and there are in addition a great many fancy bandings and vestings hat can be utilized.

1/2 yards 44 or 2½ yards 52 inches wide, with 1½ yards of velvet.

Pattern No. 5556 is out in sizes for girls of 14 and 15 years of age.

TON FASHION BUREAU. No. 21 West Twenty-third street, New York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern or IMPORTANT—Write your name and address plainly, as Obtain. ways specify size wanted.